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THE

# LEVEE:

A

P O E M.

Occasion'd by the NUMBER of CLERGY at the  
Duke of Ne---le's last Levee.

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*Qui fit Mæcenæ, ut nemo?*

*Their Kingdom is not of this World.*

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L O N D O N :

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*Anonymous  
EP.*







THE  
LEVEE:  
A  
POEM.

NE-----LF's Grace, when e'rst in Pow'r,  
Allotted, every Week, an Hour,  
(Like other Ministers of State)

To complimentary Forms, and Prate:

5 To hear and to receive Petitions,  
Access was free to all Conditions.

But chief the CLERGY, ever ready  
To show Attachment firm and steady,  
Attended still, in solemn Guise,

10 To pay this weekly Sacrifice.

The

The Curate climbing to a Vicar,  
 Sigh'd for return of *Thursday* quicker:  
 The Chaplain with no <sup>big</sup> ~~big~~ Preferment,  
 Bewail'd his Grace's Stay at *Clermont*:  
 15 From *Cambridge* many an awkward FELLOW  
 Produc'd his Learning and Prunella:  
 Of *Oxford* Men indeed a Scarcity,  
 (For *Cambridge* was his Grace's 'Varsity)  
 Tho' now and then ONE would presume  
 20 To hide a Corner of the Room;  
 And in the Froth of Party Spirit  
 Pour out his Suff'rings---not his Merit.  
 The Rector gladly paid Attendance,  
 Nor once lamented Court Dependence:  
 25 Lords Sons and Kinsmen, Members Cousins,  
 And Borough-Int'rest Men by Dozens,  
 Archdeacons, Prebendaries, Deans,  
 In spite of Idleness, found Means  
 Once every Week to show their Faces,  
 30 And lodge Pretensions at his Grace's:

Right



Right Reverend Prelates took their Stations,  
 Peep'd in the Closet for Tranflations,  
 Condemning, with humane Energy,  
 The Boldnefs of inferior Clergy;  
 35 Who, with their vain Pretensions, dare  
 To fhew their hungry Faces there.  
 From Palaces, from Inns, from Garrets  
 On foot, in Coaches, Chairs, and Chariots,  
 All, all, of each Denomination,  
 40 Fly to this weekly CONVOCATION.  
 Prophetic, every Mother's Son,  
 " This Interview, the Work is done."  
 To fpeak the Truth (but mark the End)  
 No Man was more the Clergy's Friend;  
 45 Or with a more adroit Behaviour  
 Could give, or could refufe a Favour;  
 And tho' tis not in human Reach  
 To flop the Mouths of thofe who preach,  
 When this Man's Want and that Man's Pride,  
 50 Cannot at once be fatisfy'd;

Yet

Yet all agree he did his best,  
To flatter some and serve the rest.

“ Thus far all’s well” ! so preach’d the Prelate.  
The Sequel ?---faith ! I blush to tell it.

55 N - - C - - LE falls ! God bless his Grace !  
And send a better in his Place.

Be this my Pray’r well understood,  
I’ll be content with one as good.

Then will I hail the happy Hour  
60 Of Virtue not the Slave of Pow’r;  
Which Faction’s self shall blush to own,  
Too soon traduc’d, too late was known.

No sooner publish’d his Retreat,  
But Crouds of Coaches storm his Gate.

65 Is this the Statesman in Disgrace ?  
Remov’d at once from Pow’r and Place ?  
Surrounded thus, and thus supported ?  
By Wealth, by Fame, by Titles courted ?  
Alas ! too true ! the present Hour

70 Is due to Friendship, not to Pow’r ;

And

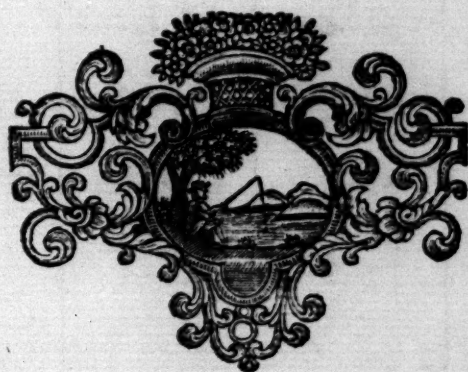


And with a little Observation,  
The Thing is plain to Demonstration.

Survey this splendid Groupe, you'll trace  
Of Ecclesiastics, but one Face.

75 Strong Prefage ! that this glorious Sun  
At length his Summer Course hath run :  
By Nature's friendly Instinct led,  
Those Birds of Passage all are fled ;  
And now prepare their Throats to sing  
80 The Matins of the coming Spring.

F I N I S.



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[ 7 ]

And with a little Observation,

The Thing is plain to Demonstration.

Survey of the Ground, you'll trace

Of Ebednech, but one Trace.

75 Strong enough, that this glorious Sun

At length his beams have seen

By Nature's hand, to be



Those Beams of Light, all are set

And now propound their shining light

80 To the Master of the country's light

P T 2